stand on the edge and peer down where sometimes
it is like a sheer wall, sometimes like some broken
battlement, disappearing into blue and green pro-
fundities of colour. But on rough days (and they
are the more common) it presents a spectacle of
utter grandeur. The long mountainous Pacific
rollers come in without check until, with utter
abrupt arrest, they find themselves upon the reef.
They crash in thunder on the mighty mass. They
spout twenty, thirty feet into the sun, for here is
no shelving beach to take their rage. You stand
but a few yards away. See that roller —why, it
will carry us away! No—hold your ground.
There! The sun-shot green tons of water have
crashed on the impregnable; they have been
flung like fountains to the sky; they have fallen
shattered and harmless—stand firm. The broken
tide sweeps across the reef, ankle or knee deep, in a

tempestuous flood, and boils over into the still lagoon in impotent wrath.

As we walk along we find a great fissure "split in the reef across our path. Put on water-glasses, kneel, take firm hold and plunge your head beneath the surface. For thirty seconds or so you can